

UP-TO-DATE
AND NEWS

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

EDITED BY
ROBERT EDGRENR. Edgren's
COLUMN

English Sporting Papers Express Surprise at Friendly Manner in Which Americans Received Bombardier Wells Here.

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

I HAVE a number of the latest English sporting papers and each one expresses surprise over the reception accorded Bombardier Wells in America, and the friendly attitude of Americans toward him after his defeat by Palmer.

"As a rule our boxers, defeated in America, are practically booted out of the country," says one writer. "The Americans greet their defeat with a hearty laugh and the exclamation, 'Another lesson!' But the Bombardier seems to have met with extraordinary favor which I am quite at a loss to account for, unless the Yankees appreciated the sportsmanlike manner in which he accepted his defeat."

Quite right, old top! You hit the nail right on the head with the first swing of the hammer.

We have some slight trace of the real sporting spirit even over here, and I dare say that whenever England can send us another Bombardier Wells the visitor will be made welcome with much enthusiasm.

It wasn't because Bombardier Wells was an English champion that we liked him. We liked him because he was a boxer who had a trace of sportsmanlike spirit. A few others of that sort come here and get whipped, and slide hastily back without being given any farewell dinners.

We liked Wells because he was Wells. The Bombardier, from the day he landed, showed himself a pleasant, fair, friendly, clean sort of a fellow. Every one who talked with him liked him. Every one who saw him step into the ring to be introduced took a shine to him on the spot. He didn't come here and tell us he could whip any thing on earth because he was champion of England. No, he didn't even say that he could fight.

His training camp was like a college crew man's quarters. No trace of the "pug" where the gloves earned enthusiastic applause whenever he boxed here.

Palmer was an American, born and bred, but somehow every man in the Garden who had a trace of sportsmanlike blood in his veins felt sorry when the Englishman's splendid skill was forced to capitulate to more weight and strength and skill.

Wells made a still greater hit when he stayed and fought Kennedy instead of going back on the first boat like other defeated victors.

We remember the other English fighter who was as popular as Wells. That was Jim Driscoll, another quiet, friendly, decent fellow who never had a hard word for any other boxer, and whose skill with the gloves earned enthusiastic applause whenever he boxed here.

Whenever a Wells or a Driscoll comes here he'll be made at home. It's the other fellow—the acid-tongued, foul-mouthed, ungentlemanlike fellow—who is "boomed" out of this country, and who get the "horse laugh" when they are defeated.

THE American athletes who won at Stockholm are having a fine time in Europe. They're in great demand, and invitations to compete in different countries, expenses paid, pour in from all sides. This is a fine thing for the boys. They will come back knowing more about the world's professional champion and how they can get a "good" when they come to New York.

Hilltops Will Endeavor
To Clean Up Sox To-day

Hal Chase Pulls Off Most Dazzling Piece of Fielding of the Year.

By BOZEMAN BUIGER

HAVING celebrated Chase Day in a manner befitting the present, the Hilltops will endeavor to clean up the Sox to-day.

It is unknown just what important anniversary in the life of Chase was being commemorated yesterday, but when a ballplayer can make four hits, figure in three of the four runs and then make an apparently impossible fielding play that knocked a Sox rally skyward, as they say in Texas, it must have been some historic occasion. By unanimous consent it will be known as Chase Day for some moons to come.

The play that brought the four thousand fans to their feet and took them back to the thrills so common when Mr. Chase first broke into the pastime of the ball was a clean, simple, and exactly the same stunt that the Californian pulled on the Giants in that historic game of the post-season series two years ago and failed because Jimmy Austin dropped the ball.

CHASE'S FIELDING MOST BRILLIANT OF THE YEAR.

The score was tied, and Big Ed Walsh, the first man up, got a base on balls. Rath followed with a clean single, advancing the moving picture to the second. Zelder dropped a neat bunt half way between Sweeney and McConnell. It looked like a sure hit. McConnell was just on the point of starting for the ball, when there was a swish of flying legs and, like a white stream, Chase darted in front of him, snatched the ball with one hand and shot it to Hartzell at third in time to catch Walsh by fully ten feet. It was by far the most dazzling piece of fielding of the year.

In fact, McConnell, who was not expecting the play, was so surprised that he dropped back on his haunches and gasped. To appreciate the speed of the play, it must be remembered that the ball was rolling directly toward McConnell, and Chase beat the tail pitcher to it by several feet.

But for Chase's quick thinking, and quicker acting, the bases would have been full with none out, and the Sox would have walked away with the same.

The Sox add manage to take the lead in the eighth, but only for an instant.

Wolcast Doesn't Want Much—Only \$56,500 for Three Bouts

Insists on \$15,500 Guarantee to Meet Ritchie; \$20,500, McFarland; \$20,500, Rivers.

By JOHN POLLOCK.

FOR a series of three fights in San Francisco—with the understanding that he should continue to win—Ad Wolcast wants a guarantee of \$56,500 and the privilege of accepting a percentage of the receipts from Promoter Jimmy Coffroth. That was his counter proposition made yesterday to the San Francisco matchmaker when he suggested to the champion that he would do well to tie up a contract for matches that would take him well into next year. Wolcast says he wants \$15,500 to fight Ritchie; \$20,500 to fight McFarland, and \$20,500 to fight Rivers again.

Naturally no conclusion was reached, for the two parties are so far apart in their ideas of the value of the matches that it was impossible to sign any contract. "I just laughed at Wolcast," said Coffroth. "I can't afford to give him that much money for a series of three

I SEE IN THE PAPERS—

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).



That the Major League Leaders Should Worry

GIANTS. (NATIONAL LEAGUE) Games. 18. Lead over Cubs 12. Lead over Pirates 14. Lead over Phillies 14. Lead over Reds 22. Lead over Cardinals 24. Lead over Dodgers 24. Lead over Braves 48.

RED SOX. (AMERICAN LEAGUE) Games. 7. Lead over Senators 7. Lead over Athletics 10. Lead over White Sox 10. Lead over Tigers 19. Lead over Rays 19. Lead over Hilltopps 24. Lead over Browns 34.

DOINGS WHEN THE UMPIRE CALLED OUT.

To add to Jimmy's troubles his greatest chance to tie the score was spoiled in the last inning, according to his way of thinking, by the umpire's decision at the plate. Just when everything looked blue Weaver smashed a drive past Simmons that bounced all the way to the fence. It was good for three bases easily but when Sterrett fumbled the ball momentarily, Cobb hit a home run, and the young fellow to make it a homer. That would have tied the score. Weaver bounded around third like a jackrabbit but he had figured without the college boy's arm. Sterrett made a delicate throw from the center field bleachers to Simmons who tried to relay the ball to the plate. Simmons' throw fell short but McConnell, seeing an opportunity, ran out to meet the ball and with one movement got the sphere in his hands and whirled it into Sweeney who tagged Weaver as he slid into the plate.

You're out! yelled the umpire and there were doings. The excited Weaver threw down his hat, tore at his hair and then climbed all over the official in his fierce protest. Callahan got to the plate on the jump and also stamped his cap in the ground in righteous indignation. Right behind Callahan came the superstitious Kid, who was so busy with the ball that he didn't get an audience. Among the spectators there was much doubt as to whether Sweeney touched the runner in time, but the decision went just the same and the day's talk was over.

A little more excitement like that for a finish and the Hilltopps grounds won't be large enough to hold the crowd.

Although beaten, O'Keefe made a great impression and it is safe to say that he will put on at the same club again in the near future.

The contest of Johnny Dundee of this city and "Big" Cobb of Philadelphia did not last very long. After the lads had been boxing two minutes in the first round, Dundee shot in a short inside right to Cobb's jaw. As Cobb sank to the floor his left foot turned under him. The weight of his body fell on his leg, causing him to utter a pining yell.

After the referee counted Cobb out his seconds carried him to his corner and the club physician was hastily summoned. After examining his leg and

the contest of Johnny Dundee of this city and "Big" Cobb of Philadelphia did not last very long. After the lads had been boxing two minutes in the first round, Dundee shot in a short inside right to Cobb's jaw. As Cobb sank to the floor his left foot turned under him. The weight of his body fell on his leg, causing him to utter a pining yell.

After the referee counted Cobb out his seconds carried him to his corner and the club physician was hastily summoned. After examining his leg and

the contest of Johnny Dundee of this city and "Big" Cobb of Philadelphia did not last very long. After the lads had been boxing two minutes in the first round, Dundee shot in a short inside right to Cobb's jaw. As Cobb sank to the floor his left foot turned under him. The weight of his body fell on his leg, causing him to utter a pining yell.

After the referee counted Cobb out his seconds carried him to his corner and the club physician was hastily summoned. After examining his leg and

the contest of Johnny Dundee of this city and "Big" Cobb of Philadelphia did not last very long. After the lads had been boxing two minutes in the first round, Dundee shot in a short inside right to Cobb's jaw. As Cobb sank to the floor his left foot turned under him. The weight of his body fell on his leg, causing him to utter a pining yell.

After the referee counted Cobb out his seconds carried him to his corner and the club physician was hastily summoned. After examining his leg and

the contest of Johnny Dundee of this city and "Big" Cobb of Philadelphia did not last very long. After the lads had been boxing two minutes in the first round, Dundee shot in a short inside right to Cobb's jaw. As Cobb sank to the floor his left foot turned under him. The weight of his body fell on his leg, causing him to utter a pining yell.

Giants Field Weirdly, Yet Win Final Game From Reds

New Yorks Make Six Errors in Their Farewell Effort in the West.

(Special to The Evening World.)

THE last game of the Red-Giant series amounted to ten innings of weird, curiously executed baseball. Fortune ebbed and flowed like a summer tide. Three pitchers on each side did the best they could, which was extremely bad, and the gentle Ables savored through the game with rare foolishness and magnificent indiscretion. It was nip and tuck, even Stephen. The Reds made fifteen hits and only one error; the Giants had thirteen hits and four errors.

Bert Humphries was the real goat of the series. He pitched one inning Tuesday and lost the game. Wednesday he went in with a tied score in the tenth and lost again. Two innings, two defeats, that's right, flinty.

It isn't often that Hersog pulls a bone play, but he was sure guilty in the second. With two out and Egan on second, Molcan hit an easy bouncer to third. Instead of making the sliding throw across the bag, the slowly wheeled, made a pass at Egan, who easily eluded him, and found himself high and dry, ball in hand and everybody safe.

Tesseraud was made the goat for fair in the third round. He ran himself to death making a three bagger in the burning sun. Then they caught him on a grounder and ran him up and down the line till his tongue hung out like a ward of red fannel. When the huge fellow went back to the slab he could hardly throw, and two runs were made off him in a hurry.

In the third inning Umpire Finneran, pressed upon by the burning heat and a guilty conscience, shed his coat and calmly handed it to Tom Clarke, who was just coming in from the coaching line. As Tom lugged the coat across various Reds wanted to know how he happened to become valet to an umpire.

"Why," squawked Tom, "I supposed that when an umpire told you to do anything you had to do it."

During the fifth stanza John J. McGraw and a fat man in a front box engaged in loud and querulous altercation, and pet names fell thicker than leaves in a forest said. "Hey, John," yelled Wilbert Robinson, "don't you know that President Lynch has forbidden conversation with the audience except

the contest of Johnny Dundee of this city and "Big" Cobb of Philadelphia did not last very long. After the lads had been boxing two minutes in the first round, Dundee shot in a short inside right to Cobb's jaw. As Cobb sank to the floor his left foot turned under him. The weight of his body fell on his leg, causing him to utter a pining yell.

After the referee counted Cobb out his seconds carried him to his corner and the club physician was hastily summoned. After examining his leg and

the contest of Johnny Dundee of this city and "Big" Cobb of Philadelphia did not last very long. After the lads had been boxing two minutes in the first round, Dundee shot in a short inside right to Cobb's jaw. As Cobb sank to the floor his left foot turned under him. The weight of his body fell on his leg, causing him to utter a pining yell.

After the referee counted Cobb out his seconds carried him to his corner and the club physician was hastily summoned. After examining his leg and

the contest of Johnny Dundee of this city and "Big" Cobb of Philadelphia did not last very long. After the lads had been boxing two minutes in the first round, Dundee shot in a short inside right to Cobb's jaw. As Cobb sank to the floor his left foot turned under him. The weight of his body fell on his leg, causing him to utter a pining yell.

DODGERS ON THEIR
WAY HOME AFTER
POOR TRIP WEST

Bill Dahlen's Men Only Win Three Out of Eighteen Games on the Road.

(Special to The Evening World.)

CHICAGO, July 25.—Bill Dahlen and his Troley Dodgers have finished their second invasion of the West and are speeding toward home today as fast as steam can carry them. They are due to arrive in Brooklyn to-night in time for a good sleep before they start their long home season with the Western teams at Washington Park.

The Dodgers are not a bit proud of their series with the Westerners on this trip, for they have won but three games of the eighteen that they played. Dahlen expects to get his men going much better during their coming stay at home. He has been forced to shift his team around a great deal in his endeavor to find out just what material he had in some of the youngsters.

The getaway from Chicago last night was made without any difficulty after the game. There was over an hour for the players to dress and ride to the depot in the waiting taxicabs. The game was a short one and was played in less than an hour and a half. All the baggage had been taken to the station before the game, so that the players did not have to worry about anything but getting dressed and getting to the train before it pulled out.

The Cubs are riding along with the Brooklyn men today, as their sleepers are attached to the same train. The players are having one of those rare opportunities to visit back and forth to their hearts' content.

It was the hottest day of the year in Chicago yesterday, and the players suffered from the terrific heat, but no one felt any the worse for the experience. After getting a cold bath after the game was over, the players were told that the game was over as if they had been pitched into a tank of water.

Speedy Mare Owned by Poughkeepsie Driver Makes Best Showing in Detroit.

QUEEN WORTHY, the speedy mare owned and driven by Thomas W. Murphy of Poughkeepsie, was declared the winner of the Merchants and Manufacturers' \$10,000 stake for 221 class trotters at the Grand Circuit meeting at the State Fair grounds in Detroit. The judges' decision in favor of Murphy's mare came after five different trotters had each won a heat in the race, Queen Worthy having the best standing, as she led nearly all the way around in the first and second heats and captured the fifth heat.

Several of the members of the American Olympic team were winners in the games held at Detroit. Miss W. Stoddard of the Irish-American A. C. won the 1,000 meters, establishing a new record of 2:30.4. Miss Stoddard's time was 1:10 seconds better than the German record, which was set by Miss Stoddard.

Charles O'Day, manager of Springfield, Ohio, Central League team, has been appointed to manage the Indianapolis American Association team. In announcing the change, O'Day said that he was a native of Springfield, Ohio, and that he had been in the business of managing teams for many years.

Arthur Chapple again proved himself with glory at the Brighton Beach Stadium-Motordrome, by winning the 1,000 meters, establishing a new record of 2:30.4. Chapple's time was 1:10 seconds better than the German record, which was set by Miss Stoddard.

The best previous figure for a mile race was 2:30.4, set by Chapple on June 15. The best previous figure for a mile race was 2:30.4, set by Chapple on June 15.

Charles O'Day, manager of Springfield, Ohio, Central League team, has been appointed to manage the Indianapolis American Association team. In announcing the change, O'Day said that he was a native of Springfield, Ohio, and that he had been in the business of managing teams for many years.

Arthur Chapple again proved himself with glory at the Brighton Beach Stadium-Motordrome, by winning the 1,000 meters, establishing a new record of 2:30.4. Chapple's time was 1:10 seconds better than the German record, which was set by Miss Stoddard.

The best previous figure for a mile race was 2:30.4, set by Chapple on June 15. The best previous figure for a mile race was 2:30.4, set by Chapple on June 15.

Charles O'Day, manager of Springfield, Ohio, Central League team, has been appointed to manage the Indianapolis American Association team. In announcing the change, O'Day said that he was a native of Springfield, Ohio, and that he had been in the business of managing teams for many years.

Arthur Chapple again proved himself with glory at the Brighton Beach Stadium-Motordrome, by winning the 1,000 meters, establishing a new record of 2:30.4. Chapple's time was 1:10 seconds better than the German record, which was set by Miss Stoddard.

The best previous figure for a mile race was 2:30.4, set by Chapple on June 15. The best previous figure for a mile race was 2:30.4, set by Chapple on June 15.

Charles O'Day, manager of Springfield, Ohio, Central League team, has been appointed to manage the Indianapolis American Association team. In announcing the change, O'Day said that he was a native of Springfield, Ohio, and that he had been in the business of managing teams for many years.

Arthur Chapple again proved himself with glory at the Brighton Beach Stadium-Motordrome, by winning the 1,000 meters, establishing a new record of 2:30.4. Chapple's time was 1:10 seconds better than the German record, which was set by Miss Stoddard.

The best previous figure for a mile race was 2:30.4, set by Chapple on June 15. The best previous figure for a mile race was 2:30.4, set by Chapple on June 15.